

# IMPERTINENT IMPRESSIONS—SOME FIRST NIGHTERS



The cheerless front row must always be an encouragement to the rehearsal-worn players on the first night



Plain bored



The Critics endeavoring to express nothing



All first nighters don't sit in the Orchestra



After the show the lobby is filled with old ladies regretting the decadence of the drama and young ladies rhapsodizing over the modern trend



Some expressions feminine



A friend of a friend of the producer

By Bill

## LITTLE STORIES OF THE BIG TOWN

THEY should have known better, for New York is thoroughly cosmopolitan. But they climbed to the top of a bus at Forty-second street, three pretty, chattering girls, and those seats in front of a couple who looked, so they said, like a clerk from Brooklyn and his wife.

Then they gossiped in fluent boarding school French—gossiped intimately and interestingly all the way to Eighty-second street. They arose to leave before the bus halted, and as it lurched the leader bumped against the little "clerk."

"Oh, excuse me!" said she, quite nicely.

"Mais certainement—c'estait rien," he responded.

As they hurried down the side street they looked back twice, rather frightened and more than a little pink.

"That was mean," said the "clerk's" wife.

"They'll be more careful next time," he responded with a grin.

"What did they say?" she asked.

"Part of it was about your hat."

"Cats!"

FEW men have ever packed more fun into a few minutes than he crammed into the ten just preceding 6 o'clock of a Wednesday afternoon at Fifth avenue and Thirty-third street. Car of the avenue for ten minutes, this taxi driver did all he could in that brief time to even up for long years of submission to the authority of the white gloved hand.

The traffic cop had been called away by police whistles shrieking opposite the Waldorf—there had been a fight and a chase and considerable excitement. As he left he beckoned to a chauffeur waiting in rank and told him to run things until relieved.

Run things the chauffeur did. Fellow craftsmen of the clutch and wheel, jockeying their machines skilfully through the press, started first with amazement, then saluted their brother pirate ironically, sometimes with whistles and jeers. The king for a minute punished these presumptuous ones promptly. He made them—and every one else going in their direction—pull up with a jerk, and even made some of the most obstinate ones back up a few feet and wait until he gave the word to go on. His impudent gestures were a treat, a study in baroque mimicry. His action was a masterpiece of the

intervals of "Stop" and "Go" were not so very well timed, but there was no disorder; he deserves credit for that. Things kept moving.

And the ladies! How nice he was to them! He would interrupt the up and down stream at any moment in order that a woman might cross or turn from avenue into street.

He was having the time of his gay young life. Then a policeman came along, took his job away and spoiled the fun.

A MONTCLAIR commuter passing down Chambers street toward the Erie road ferry the other afternoon came on a strange sight for downtown New York. Stand-

ing near the curb was a big Norman horse having the hair about his fetlocks clipped. Automobiles passing toward the ferry twisted their necks to look. The Montclair man did more—he came to a full stop. He noticed that three men in blacksmith's leather aprons were at the job. One of these held the right hind leg of the horse between his own legs—this means the man's legs—after the manner of smiths when they are shoeing. But the clipping was not being done on the fetlock so held. The clippers were being applied to the left hind foot, which was planted firmly. And the men doing the clipping were paying no attention to the likelihood of being kicked, both

tending their faces close to the hoof as they worked.

"Aren't you afraid of being kicked?" asked the Montclair man, innocently.

"What's he going to stand on while he's kicking?" answered one of the clippers, pointing to the right hind leg being held in the air. "If he tries to use that left leg we're clipping he'll sit down, all right."

The Montclair man hurried for his train without another question.

THE motorman swayed and swung curiously over his controller and brake handles. Inspectors gave him a keen stare as he passed; so did the traffic policemen.

Their suspicions were well founded.

Where he should have turned into the approach to Brooklyn Bridge, he stopped the car, descended unsteadily with the controller handle clasped firmly in his gloved fist and hurried into a saloon.

The conductor looked dazed for a moment. A long string of cars quickly accumulated behind him. Then he ran ahead and got an inspector. The "gold badge" produced a spare controller handle from some nook and ran the car across the bridge.

"Too bad! Such a terrible weakness," murmured a sympathetic woman passenger to the conductor. "I suppose he has a wife and four children depending on him."

"No, ma'am, only three," said the matter of fact conductor.

An act in the humble tragedy of five lives.

## FAMOUS SHIP VISITS PORT

A GREAT figurehead and bowsprit have again loomed over South street, where the sight of a place of vantage in front of the Seaman's Church Institute. "Maybe I know her better than the majority of men in the port of New York just now."

"I was a quartermaster aboard of that ship once, some years ago. She was the Scot then, and one of the fastest of the Castle boats. By George! I don't know but what she still holds the record between Southampton and the Cape—17 days 10 hours—and that was going some, as you Yankees say."

"There is a bit of history connected with that ship," said a British shipmaster, looking at the Alfonso from a place of vantage in front of the Seaman's Church Institute. "Maybe I know her better than the majority of men in the port of New York just now."

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"There was one historic trip. We were coming home from the Cape, and we had a man named Barney Barnato aboard. You probably have heard of him, the owner of diamond mines and one of the richest men in the world. Barnato had typhoid fever, and was being rushed home for treatment. He knew delirious and jumped overboard from the afterdeck."

"At the time the old Scot was steaming about eighteen knots. Notwithstanding this, Baker, the fourth officer, dived overboard and caught Barnato. He held the diamond king up until we lowered a boat and got them both. Barnato was so far gone, though, that he died—the boat too before we could get him aboard."

"Baker was a hero, of course, and when Barnato's family heard of his heroism and because he saved the body they settled \$100 a year on him for life. Not only this, but the daughter of a wealthy mine owner, who was a passenger that trip, fell in love with him and they were afterward married. So Barnato's leap brought a bit of luck to Baker, anyway. If you go on board you will see a little brass plate on the rail aft showing where the diamond king went overboard."

There was other history connected with the Alfonso the British shipmaster said. She was sold to the Hamburg line, and for years was their transatlantic mail ship, carrying William H. Vanderbilt on a voyage to the Mediterranean and on other trips. She was very white and trim looking. Then she was sold back to British owners and piled for a few years between this port and Bermuda carrying tourists. Falling on evil days, she was laid up at the Morse Iron Works for a long time while litigation went on. Finally with the demand for ships so great she was purchased by the Spanish line at a profitable figure and overhauled at a cost of \$500,000.

"But she is as good as ever," said I, "I guess," said the old shipmaster, "being built by Denny Brothers, at Dunbar, you know. And it's worth anybody's while to come and see that figurehead, to say nothing of a ship with such fine lines."

## THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN RHYME—By Dana Burnet

PEARL buttons have increased in price.  
Like everything about them;  
Despite the risk that we may run  
We'll have to do without them.

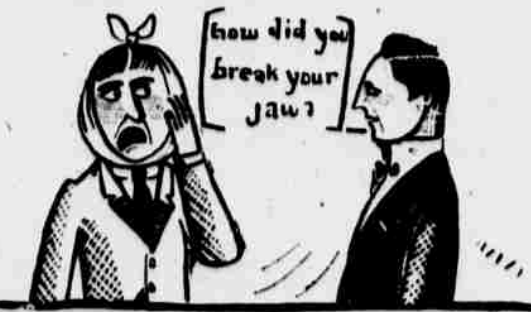


The scarcity of safety pins  
Completes our perturbation;  
We'll have to dress  
With some finesse,  
Or lose our—reputation.

One billion eggs, we understand,  
Are being held for ransom;  
The King of Spain is very fond  
Of riding in a hansom.  
The voices of the candidates  
Are slowly growing stronger.  
Miss Tarbell said  
That Colonel Ted  
Was apropos no longer.



The most protracted name on earth  
Was found in far Wisconsin.  
'Tis Hermansteinovaldovitch-  
semandelatschskijsonson.



If set to music, we opine,  
'Twould make a sweet sonata;  
But as a name  
We fear the same  
Would break our oblongata.

Poor Mother Goose was ostracized  
From all Louisiana;  
A German savant has evolved  
A chemical banana.



Synthetic breakfast food is now  
A part of William's menu.  
The U boat war  
Impends once more,  
And doesn't Tirpitz pain you?

A scientist discovered that  
The world was still revolving;  
Von Hindenburg has found the Somme  
A problem past his solving.  
'Tis said that love is but a fond  
Electrical attraction  
Which casts a spark  
Across the dark  
And moves the heart to action.



We hope when baseball is no more  
(This pun is to our liking)  
That there will be no further need  
For such a vogue of striking.



A Western wife divorced her spouse  
Because he wouldn't scold her.  
The Kaiser's son  
Has lost Verdun,  
And we are fair and colder.